

Abandoned Super Cutie Adopted by Billionaire Clan

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He got slapped in the face every day, and each time it was different.

Richard stopped speaking and quietly followed the butler back to take a nap

However, he still couldn't fall asleep. Near dunk, he went to find Kelvin.

When he entered, the children were all there, but the atmosphere was extremely silent, with no one speaking

Charles was curled up on the sofa, holding a pot of jasmine flowers in his hands.

When Richard saw the pot of jasmine flowers, his eyes lit up.

Isn't this the same kind of flower Vic gave me?"

But now was not the time to talk about that.

He looked at Charles's expression, his heart suddenly tightening, and quickly walked over,

"What's going on? Why does your face look so bad? Has a doctor been called to check on you?"

Charles shook his head weakly. "Grandpa, please don't worry about me. I'm fine."

He seemed like he wanted to cough, and a slight pink hue rose on his fair face.

He covered his mouth, his eyes reddening slightly, and his voice was weak and broken.

"If my body were to collapse in front of the Holmes family's door, would they take me in?"

"Don't say such things."Kelvin sat across from him, reproaching him mildly but firmly, "Can you stop treating your health like a joke?"

Charles pressed his hand against his lips and coughed, his voice even weaker.

"No matter where I am, it's the same. I can't go out anyway and can't withstand the wind. Yvonne saved my life, and I want to be closer to her. Even if I die from the illness, I want to die by her side."

Charles had a gentle and kind temperament. As he spoke, his eyes reddened, and he looked at Kelvin with a gaze full of pity.

He already had a delicate appearance, resembling a girl, and with his frail health, his speech came across as soft and weak.

Kelvin couldn't bear to be harsh with him. He had never been that way with him, from childhood to now.

Every time the other three got into trouble, he would secretly plead on their behalf once he found out.

If it weren't for him smoothing things over, the other three would have received at least twice as many beatings.

Hearing him say this, Kelvin had to endure, no matter how angry he was.

His voice was low, a little dull. "Don't say anything about dying."

Charles seemed to want to say something more, but Jeremy took over.

"Questioning Ian, insulting Jan, understanding Ian, or wanting to become Ian."

He leaned back on the sofa, gazing at the ceiling with a deep sigh. "Fate is something you have to fight for yourself. If you take it, it will come back to you. If you don't take it, you can only watch as it slips away."

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After saying something vague and unclear, he straightened up, deliberately glanced in Kelvin's direction, and asked, "Dad, did you hear that? I'm ordering you."

Kelvin was stunned.

He really wanted to hit Jeremy.

He put the cup in his hand on the coffee table, it was neither light not heavy.

"That's Yvonne's biological mother. What can I do? Tinley herself fell seriously ill because her child was stolen. If I took Yvonne away, would that be fair to her?"

Jeremy thought about it and realized that made sense.

Since that was the case, there was only one way.

He stood up, grabbed a pair of scissors, and cut a few holes in his designer hoodie. After tossing the scissors aside, he rummaged through the cupboard and found a beautiful bowl.

He squatted at the door, using the stones piled by the flowerbed to smash the bowl, creating a few chips. He held it in his hand; it was neither too big nor too small, just right.

He didn't return to the living room. Instead, he stood outside the door and shouted to the people inside.

"Dad, I'm going to the Holmes family's door to play the victim. Tonight, tell the chef not to make dinner for me."

Kelvin quickly stood up, his face dark, and called out to stop him.

"Come back here, what kind of nonsense is that?"

Jeremy didn't move back. After all, he hadn't been obedient for just one or two days.

"Tinley loves children, and I'm still under eighteen. If I sit there and cry a bit, she's bound to adopt me."

After saying that, he ran away with his broken bowl.

Kelvin took out his phone and called the bodyguard in the front yard.

"Stop Jeremy and don't let him out."

After hanging up the phone, he turned around and saw Charles standing up again.

Charles frowned slightly, covered his mouth and nose, and with reddish eyes, he stood there as beautiful as a painting.

"Dad, I'm going to the Holmes family, too. Sorry I've embarrassed you, I've let you down, and I've let the Adler family down."

Since he had already stood up, Vic was bound to follow along.

He was even calmer. "Dad, you know that if no one accompanies Charles, I won't be at ease."

Kelvin was at loss of words.

His hands, hanging by his sides, clenched and then loosened before he finally resigned himself to fate.

"You stay at home, I'll think of a way."

"Really, Dad?" A head suddenly popped out from the door. It was Jeremy, who had just said that he was going to play the victim.

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Meeting Kelvin's sharp gaze, he simply grinned.

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As he walked closer, he placed the broken bowl into his father's hand and spoke in a slightly flattering tone, "Thanks for your hard work, Dad. This hoodie is too drafty with all these holes. I'll go upstairs and change.

Kelvin's face darkened. With a slight squeeze, the already cracked bowl in his hand shattered completely with a crisp snap.

The shards clattered to the ground.

Hearing the sound as he reached the stairs, Jeremy hurried up even faster.

Richard stood nearby, having watched the entire scene unfold. He cleared his throat, ready to speak.

"Well, let me say a few words about Yvonne's matter."

Kelvin's headache worsened. He really couldn't understand what this had to do with Richard.

"Yvonne has entered the family tree of our Adler family and inherited my Tiger Mountain. There's no way she can just stop being part of our family."

Most importantly, no one at home paid him any attention; only Yvonne would go with him to see the animals and wasn't picky about food.

It simply meant that no one at home was willing to go to Tiger Mountain with him, only Yvonne was easy to trick. A small pudding was enough to lure her along.

Kelvin could tell what he meant.

"Don't worry about your Tiger Mountain. If Tinley knows that you tricked Yvonne into signing, you just wait for her to come to you."

Richard was stunned.

After saying this, he suddenly panicked and asked hesitantly, "No, Tinley is a polite and good woman, and Yvonne agreed when Tiger Mountain was transferred."

"She agreed? She doesn't even know what kind of document she was tricked into signing. How could she have agreed to it?" Being mercilessly scolded like this, Richard was really scared.

He hurriedly left with the butler, guessing that he wouldn't be boasting about his Tiger Mountain having an heir for a long time.

AD

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